BRANDRETH'S CONFESSION.

Night, like a moody artist, had taken her darkened the moonlit face of the valley with the gigantic shadows of the Rockies. It was Christmas eve, and outside the vast triangle of blackness which encircled the cabin there was a narrow strip of silver light-the road which connected the valley mination, not even a candle in the window, only the fitful spark of Cattle King Boice's pipe, by which his motionless figure could be discerned against the open doorway. He was half asleep and dreaming, but even the faint stirring of some belated bird in search of its nest would rouse him into a position of alert wakefulness, and at the sound of footsteps on the hard, icy road a quarter of a mile away he pricked up his ears attentively, then rose, awkwardly stretched his big limbs, and planted himself in the middle of the road to listen.

As the figures of two men, both busily talking, came into sight, he shouted a lusty "Hallo!" at them and then bustled into the cabin with an air of animation and lit a kerosene lamp, which he set with emphasis down on the table opposite the door, "Makin' myself at home in your dommycile, Brandreth, you see," he cheerfully chattered, as the two men strode in the door attitude of weariness. "Well, tell us about it; did you see him strung up?" "I saw him," said Carter, briefly, "Bran- !

dreth here turned tail and ran," "I-should think so," said Brandreth, with a shudder. He was a little man, with a sensitive face, which even a long, silverstreaked mustache and beard scarcely saved from a suggestion of femininity. "I saw all I wanted to-that quivering, struggling wretch thrust fact to face with the eternity by fellow creatures as thirsty for his blood as ever he had been for that of his victim. And yet nobody hangs them. It's all a coil, this so-called justice. We kill Peter to pay for killing Paul, who in turn probably preyed on some

animal world. I prefer to contemplate such inconsistencies at a distance." "Curus how that feiler got caught," said Cattle King Boice, reflectively. "He thought. then later. Seems as if they caint be hid | munity of blameless men! in the earth. The law lays mighty low and quiet, an' you think it's forgotten everything, when-whif! the handcuffs are grippin' your wrists an' you are brought up in court an' everything proved against

other weaker creature, just as it is in the

Brandreth don't think so," said Carter. "He was arguing with me as we came up the road and trying to convince me that by the eleverness of the criminal, or the stupidity of the law, or merely a fortuitous chain of circumstances, he could either cover up his crime, or hide himself if disbeen caught up and translated-to what

clime he doesn't say. "Doe't joke," said Brandreth. "It only proved that you don't know what you're talking of. Have you ever read anything of the history of crime? A little? Well, if you'd read more, you'd know that many of the darkest deeds ever committed were only revealed by a death-bed confession, made when the perpetrator was beyond the reach of human justice. I could tell you a story-but, no. I won't. Boice can read to us instead. What's your book, Cattle

The big miner, who owed his title to some innocent, vainglorious boasting of his, regarding vast possessions in the less far West whose loss had obliged him to seek his fortune in the shadow of the mountains, laughed sheepishly. It's yourn." he said, passing it over. "A book of prayers, I believe; found it when I was rummaging round after the lamp. 'Let's see it," said Carter, reaching out

"Oh, yes," said Brandreth, indifferently. "Found plenty of dust on it, I suppose; I've had the book since I was a boy and take it round with me as a sort of mascot, but it's precious long since I saw the in-

"I can go you one better than that," said the ex-cattle king. "I just give a look into it to pass the time away, an' blamed if I didn't find a text I thought pretty appropriate for the feiler that's getting his deserts down there in the town-'Your damnation slumbereth not.'

"But Brandreth says that's not true." Carter observed. "Tell us the story, old man, which you hinted would prove your position." The only educated men in the ip, some similarity of taste and interest had drawn the two into a careless sort of intimacy, to which Cattle king Boice had been admitted on the strength of his good nature and all-round likableness. He was the oldest resident of the camp, where Brandreth had drifted a year ago and Carter a few months later, and he had taken the two strangers under his paternal and powerful wing. Brandreth hesitated at the request made of him, but Boice clamorously seconded Carter, his child-like curi-

osity aroused.
"Tell us," he urged, "if it's a true story. don't want none out of a book. I'd like to hear of a case where a man did a wicked thing an' wasn't found out somehow or another before he died.'

Still Brandreth hesitated. "I don't like to tell it exactly," he said, slowly, "for it isn't fair to the man to disclose his secret. I dida't say he was dead, Boice, or that his deed was wicked. I only said he successfully evaded the vengeance of the law. However, I've a great mindboys, I will tell it, for it's a gruesome tale, and I'll feel something of a relief to my mind in sharing it. I wish to goodness I'd never heard it. But you must let me tell somewhat in story-book style. Cattle

off my memory.' He rose and walked to the door, inhaling the cool darkness of the night like a cordial, and smoothing his beard reflectively for several minutes before he resumed his seat at the table, and began in a slow, im-

King, for that's the only way I can reel it

"It was late one chilly autumn afternoon about fifteen-no, stop, it must be twenty years ago-that the young rector of a little English church stepped out through the church yard gate, locked it behind him and stood for a moment gazing wistfully off at the blue tops of the Cornish hills, among which the village was poked much as we're poked away here. This young clergymanwhat shall I call him? Blake wiff do as well as any name, for, of course, I wouldn't give you the real name-wasn't over and above popular with his parishioners, for he had high church notions which went away above the heads of the plain peasant folkcommunion candles and embroidered altar cloth and confession of sins. I see this is all Greek to you, Boice; but it was Roman to the parishioners, and they understood it just enough to strongly disapprove.

"Nevertheless, as he walked slowly home through the fields with his head bent, not one of them who passed him withheld a respectful and sympathetic greeting. the hat which he carried in his hand bore a deep crape band, the emblem of a great grief which was tearing out his heart. The mourning was for his cousin, a beautiful girl, with whom he had been brought up in brother and sister style-

"Which didn't prevent him from falling love with her, I'll bet," interrupted Exactly. Your perspicacity does credit, Carter. He did love her, and when she married a young physician-"Why, in the name of thunderin' thickheadedness didn't he marry her himself' second interpolation was Boice' He couldn't. That was part of his High

Church platform-the celibacy of the clergy. Till she was married, and to a man whom he believed to be only in love with her fortune, he never realized his true feelings toward her; and when she died, after a brief year of married life-well, we're none of us children; we've all loved women, and we know what he suffered." "Poor Blake, poor fellow!" murmured Boice, the most soft-hearted of men who was ever stranded by mistake in a Rocky mountain mining camp. After a pause Brandreth continued:

"When he reached home his housekeeper said: There was a stranger here looking gether and witnessed the swift destruction forgotten. The latter two did not hesitate for you. Did you meet him? Blake shook | of the light frame building and all that it his head for 'No,' and, after eating the most frugal of ascetic repasts, he called the woman to him and told her that he was summoned to London on important business and would be back in a week. Then, after himself packing his small traveling bag he gave the key of the church into her charge and bade her good-bye. From that time he was never seen or heard of in the village again.

"Who killed him?" Boice's tone was awestruck as that of a child. "Wasn't 'he stranger? "No," said Brandreth. He abruptly reand laughed. They did not like his laug. "I don't think I'll tell you any more or this tale. It isn't a pretty one, and as it stands it is dramatic enough, in my opin-

"Not in mine," sald Carter. "Come, we must have the remainder, since there is a remainder. You've no right to rouse our strange experience to have been here when curiosity to only leave us-and your hero-"An' you haven't proved your point yet," added the other man. "Concernin' the if excavation can be conducted. Archaeolblame cross-eyedness of law an' justice, ogy has taken a decided 'back set' and we | Mabel, between climate and weather.

taky brush in hand and with one stroke lost as though the side of one of the Cor- and martial array, carrying with them to all gone. Surplices, altar cloths, even the white napkins which are used in the communion service, all but a few pieces had been taken from the cedar chest in the estry room, where they had been kept.

This excited almost more wonderment than the disappearance of their austeryoung priest, for they all argued that a man could walk away on his two feet and of his own volition, but an altar cloth could not be spirited off without hands. Boice, since you're playing the host, hand me down the bottle out of the cupboard, will

The cattle king obeyed with lumbering dacrity. Carter, who was abstemious beand any one's comprehension, shook his ead, but the other two men drank deeply, after which Brandreth sat silent for several moments, his eyes staring into the darkness outside the door. Both his companions had strong nerves, but there was something in that dull, heavy, unseeing gaze which made it a relief when he turned ils face toward them and spoke again: Well, murder will out, You think I'm too long-winded in coming to the point, I know, so I'll say at once what their next liscovery was. It was borrible enough, I assure you, to make an excuse for all my maundering and wandering. The sexton was called on for some reason to descend the cobwebs and darkness of the church vault, which in the days when they didn't think such things wicked had been used as a wine cellar, but had for long prone on the floor, lay a white, stark thing -a man's body. Wrapped up like a mummy, in-I suppose you can guess?"

"The stolen linen," hazarded Carter. Yes, the consecrated altar cloths and napkins and stoles, all wound tightly around the ghastly thing. His head had been beaten on the stones of the floor, which were spattered with blood, until the face was past recognition. But by the clothes which the mummy wrapping had partly preserved he was identified as the stranger who had been searching for the clergyman Blake on the day of his disappearance. In the skeleton hand someng was convulsively grasped-a gold cuff button with the initial "B" engraved on it and a shred of cloth still hanging to it. "That's all there is of the story, really. except that the man who did it-yes, Boice. you are quite right, it was the parson-had already changed his name, his identity, his country so securely that the dogs of the law, with all their reputed keenness of scent, have never found his trail. So that he'd cover up his tracks so nice and care- years have passed by, years in which all ful. And, for that matter, it's still more | who were interested in pushing the search curus to think how these big, black crimes | may have died, or forgotten, but he still almost allus is found out; if not sooner, lives, safe, hidden, unsuspected, in a com-

> He had risen, and the spark of excitement in his small, hazel eyes made them burning foci of lurid light. His voice was shrill, triumphant, almost menacing. "Detectives have been put on his track-aye, time and again-and gone back to Scotland Yard, baffled, empty-handed. So much can a clever man do, when his life is the prize Carter spoke. "Brandeth, why did he do

'Ah, that's what no one ever knew save two one dead, one living. What if it had covered as completely as though he had been the murder of the woman he loved that Blake avenged? Would your just, your merciful law have spared him the gallows? What if he had repeated the secret whispered to him in the confessional by a soul in torment-the story of a base and cunning crime, the murder of an innocent girl by husband to whom she was but the incumbrance he took with her gold? Would the law have believed him and punished the murderer? There was but one way, and Blake took it. Boice, was there any other way? Carter, was there?

> He seized a wrist of each with trembling fingers and gripped them fast as he poured out the words: "No one knew, though they might have guessed that Hugh Blake, the saint, the ascetic, the man of pure ideals, was not so suddenly turned into a beast of prey for nothing. A strange thing that, the conscience of a murderer. He had the cold hand, the steady nerve, the heart of iron, hunted peace and found none, with | the mouth of the vessel! Twenty feet high that heavy load of an unrevealed crime in his breast. And then," sinking his voice to a hoarse whisper, "he bethought him of the confessional; ah, yes, the confessional! He little knew to whom he was betraying himself: whose hands, inspired by a blind fury of avenging anger, one of the old Berserker rages of his barbaric ancestors, dragged him down the stone steps of the vault to a death too quick, too kind for such a foul creature! It would have been better, after all, to leave him with the stone in his breast to drag him down, down, year by year, to a perdition of de-

Carter came over and touched him. He had that wild, unseeing look in his eyes again, and started at the touch. dreth, how did you come to know of it?" "1? oh," indifferently, and with a quick return to his usual manner, "he told me. Another case of the conscience of Cain. Couldn't stand it till he had shared his secret with some one, I suppose. They say no murderer can. "Another secret of the confessional?" asked Carter.

What do you mean? "Oh, I just had a feeling that at some time in your varied career you, too, had worn the cassock and listened to penitents with your ear at a little door. That's all. Just as in my day I have figured as-what do you imagine?'

As he spoke he sprang quickly to the door, placed his back against it in the attitude which always means deflance, and turned and faced them with stern penetrating eyes. Brandreth shook as with the ague before his gaze, but it was the cattle king who, with pale lips, whispered,

With a rapid movement he tore open his close coat and showed the sinister gleam of the detective's star. Great, heavy drops of sweat stood out on his brow, and more than one tremor passed over his slight wiry frame, but he speke slowly, almost impassively. "Trapped, Hugh Brandreth! sleeping and eating with you, only waiting for you to betray yourself into its hands as you have done to-night!" "Traitor!" Brandreth hissed it between

unloaded it then, when your back was worked by those deliberate engines. turneds I am not a traitor. I am the rep-

He had drawn his revolver, but the other

resentative of the law. He held his pistol pointed steadily at the trembling man, while with the other hand over the deep sand pit, a stopper in a funhe drew a pair of handcuffs from somewhere on his person. "Put them on him,

"I couldn't lock him up in them things if it was I was to swing on the gallows and not he. "You know you will be held responsible for refusing to aid in the capture of a criminal?

won't help to git away, but I'll he d-d forever before I'll help to trap him. There you have my intentions fair and square,' He sat down with a dogged look on his "If I move will you shoot?" asked the

"I didn't know it, but I don't care.

outlaw of his whilom friend, with a slight shivering smile. "No," said Carter. "I'm to bring you

back alive, Hugh Brandreth, and not to help you escape-by any road. What! Stop him, Boice, in the name of the law!" A sound like the bursting of a bomb and dense curtain of rising smoke and winding serpents of flame filled the cabin before the words were well out of his mouth. It was never clear who overturned the lamp-Boice stoutly protested that he had not done it-and that in his leap for liberty and the open window Brandreth had dashed it was present. For these the sexton lighted to the floor. At the moment there was but | and heated the church and the organist one thought-self-preservation. The cattle king dragged Carter away from the flames and failing timbers, but the detective shook | rather a handsome remembrance from the. him off and attempted to re-enter the now | rich bridegroom. roofless structure. A hot wind like a blast from the mouth of Gehenna and a barrier of tongues of fire beyond which no man might pass without risk of his life beat him back. Silently he turned and rejoined the cattle king, and silently they stood tocontained. Now and then thoughts of the now charred body which was hidden from | ing over to them what he had received. their sight by the veil of flame sent a shudder through each, but to each there came church a thorough cleaning, the sexton another thought which took part of the sting from the horror.

"There was only one way," whispered Boice to Carter, as the red wind of death wrapped the remnants of the cabin still ! closer in its embrace, and they shrank back | each of the three persons mentioned, and further from its burning breath. "Yes," was the reply, "and Brandreth | eral. took it-thank God.

-Louise Betts Edwards, in Philadelphia

Times.

Archneology in the Background.

Eoston Transcript. A Cambridge lady in Athens writes in rrivate letter of recent date: "It is a the war cloud broke over this little country. French dramatic fetes and German tours are given up and it is not even known walt in fear and trembling for the next | Mabel-Climate is what we have all the

breath and went on: "Well, they never sis.' Sturdy Spartans, dense Eccotians, heard of him again. They wondered and handsome islanders arrive in native prasant speculated for a while and wrote to Scot- costumes full of enthusiasm and vigor and land Yard once, but he was as completely | in a few days depart in well-made uniforms nish mountains had opened and swallowed | the frontier the memory of the exulting him up, and in six months they had a new | cheers and patriotic prayers of those who rector and in a year the old one was prac- are left behind. Truly there is no more tically forgotten. But the newcomer had moving sight than the departure of an scarcely been installed before he made a army for the battlefield! Not a murmur singular discovery. The church linen was I is heard from sister, mother, sweetheart or wife; all give with open hands their bestbeloved, and with brave hearts and tearless eyes send them off at their country's call. While the men wait ready on the border for shot and shell, the women work at home for the thousands of destitute refugees now sheltered in Athens. The work of providing for these is done in a most systematic way; one committee has charge of a soup kitchen, another provides work for those who are able (this consists mainly in making clothing for the army); a third superintends the schools for the older chiliren; a fourth looks after a day nursery provided to take care of the babies of the mothers who are given work. I have never seen such earnest desire to do, or efforts put to better advantage. There is not a Greek woman in Athens who is not doing her part, not a widow who has not given her mite. The only drones are the diplo matic representatives of the 'six great weaknesses.' These people sit by and ridicule the splendid efforts of this brave little country and their chicken hearts and shallow brains have not force enough to take in the situation. The effort of the peopl of this fittle nation to try to relieve their countrymen from the yoke of bondage is truly wonderful, but we wait for results. England, France and Italy will only take the lead, things will go well; but Russia is as barbaric as Turkey, and Germany is just as bad as Russia. It is tremendously exciting. The correspondents are gathering. Creelman, of Japanese war fame; years been empty and unvisited. There, Henry Norman and others are in Athens.

Beside the Winter Sen. As one who sleeps, and hears across his dream The cry of battles ended long ago, Inland I hear the calling of the sea. I hear its hollow voices, though between

My wind-worn dwelling and thy wave-worn strand How many miles, how many mountains are! And thou beside the winter sea alone Art walking with thy cloak about thy face. Bleak, bleak the tide, and evening coming on; And gray the pale, pale light that wans thy face, olemnly breaks the long wave at thy feet: And sullenly in patches clings the snow Upon the low, red rocks worn round with years, see thine eyes, I see their grave desire, Unsatisfied and lonely as the sea's; Yet how unlike the wintry sea's despair! For could my feet but follow thine, my hands Put reach for thy warm hands beneath thy cloak, What summer Joy would lighten in thy face What sunshine warm thine eyes, and thy sad

mouth Break to a dewy rose, and laugh on mine -Edgar Saltus, in Collier's Weekly.

"LIKE A VOLCANIC ERUPTION."

Description of the Manufacture of

Steel by the Bessemer Process. A writer in Modern Mahinery, of Chicago, gives a vivid word picture of the famous Bessemer process which has revolutionized the manufacture of steel. The works referred to are those of the Illinois Steel Company at South Chicago Issuing from the building containing the Bessemer converters a climbing belt of flame may be seen from far out on the lake. As this building comes into view you hear the magic word "Bessemer" as the magical process meets the eye and blinds you with the myriad dazzling lights and roaring

columns of prismatic flames. The pig iron that flowed into the ladels at the blast furnace forming burning lakes with stag scum, comes around on an ele vated railway behind locomotives after passing through the enormous mixers. On sort of circular gallery level with the elevated tracks are the converters, each in a seaward-facing alcove open toward the sky. They are made of the heaviest late iron steel, lined with clay made from refractory stone and shaped in such a way that when swung into horizontal position on trunions like cannon, the mouth, which is comparatively small, projects upward at an angle of forty-five degrees. The molten pig iron is poured in and the converter is restored to the perpendicular. Immediately a roaring flame, with the sound of a flood

a narrow gorge, rushes from this column of fire shoots up, a fierce and tawny orange laced with black. Glowing cinders are shot out with it and fall in a glittering rain. It is as terrifying as the eruption of a volcano that threatens to pour its molten interior down the mountain side, carrying destruction with it. The scoria changes to hissing scarlet sparks, the smoke no longer rises and the column of flame is yellow as sunlight. Now and then a violet shaft pierces it; the scarlet sparks change to points of electric blue and ne flames to white, unearthly in its purity. Intensified a thousand fold is here to be seen the pyrotechnic display that by night illumines the sky in the southeast. Every tint to deepest crimson is transparent as crystal, and dazzling as the sun. The steam that floats across the converting house reflects rainbow colors, forming a shifting changing screen for the play of celestial light. The culmination of beauty is reached in the combination of white flame charged with a shower of fairy-like blue sparks. All over! Farther than this fire cannot go in etherial splendor.

After the blowing is done and the converter is turned down, a small caldron, run-ning on an endless chain which gives it the appearance of being propelled by an unseen power, emerges from a dark recess and, stops automatically at the converter. This caldron is filled with molten splegeleisen which contains a known quality of carbon-"looking-glass iron," as the Germans call it. The spiegeleisen is poured into the molten iron, thus restoring a known quantity of carbon for the unknown quantity of carbon which has been "burnt

and purged away One of the party recalled a favorite experiment of a teacher in physic. This teacher tied a nail to a string, heated the tip red and whirled it rapidly in the air. Sparks flew off, proof that combustion was proceeding with rapidity. When the end was white-hot blue points escaped, and remarking that the carbon was about eliminated from the surface he allowed it to I saw the name in your prayer book. You verter is simply being whirled in cold air. thought your judgment slumbered, did you? The blast coming through the perforations You thought the law had forgotten, the in the bottom of the vessel, forced by powwhile it was watching you, living with you, erful engines, raises the temperature exburns the carbon out with oxygen. The white flame and blue sparks indicate the small amount of carbon, and the fact that his deadly white lips. "I was prepared, pig iron has been converted into malleable Spiegeleisen or ferro-manganese is now added to restore the proper percentage man's pistol was already pointed at his of carbon to make the steel. In a moment or two the converter is turned still further over and amid a shower of golden sparks "You remember, I carried it for you on | the steel is poured into great ladles that

the way home from the town to-night? I swing round on the hydraulic hoists, The stream of steel comes out in bubbles rolling over one another in terrible but glorious play. Then the hoist swings around nel at the bottom of the ladle is raised and. quieter now, the stream of golden liquid flows into the tall tapering mold. In five minutes more another hoist lifts the mold and discloses golden ingots of steel solidifying and cooling already. Another hoist lifts the ingots behind a locomotive, and half a dozen of them are whirled away to the rail mill across the yards. Rosy as youth when they start and almost transparent, they become gray, as with age, before they reach the mill, and the small quantity of slag yet in the metal has risen to the top of the ingots in ragged, grizzly

How He Saved the Bank. Detroit Free Press.

locks.

"There's a man that saved one of the biggest banks in an Eastern city," said a Detroiter to his friend as they passed a minister on the street. 'That should have brought him a handsome reward.

"I believe they thanked him for it. He officiated at the marriage of a couple, both wealthy and belonging to the upper crust. There were several rehearsals at which he supplied the best music. Naturally the rector, as well as the other two, expected

"After the elaborate ceremony through with and the happy pair had started on their wedding trip the best man called on the rector, the organist and the sexton, giving each a very stingy evidence of the fact that their services had not been to express their contempt openly and the minister showed his in a nice way by turn-Shortly afterward, while giving the found the fragments of a note and gave them to the rector, who happened to be present. Putting the pieces together, he had a letter from the bridegroom to the best man, instructing him what to give the respective sums were really most lib-

"More for the others than himself, the rector wrote the best man, who was cashier of a leading bank. He promptly settled and was very anxious to have the matter kept quiet. But the man who would embezzle from his best friend was not to be trusted and the directors were told the story. They were being systematically robbed, and the expose came none too

The Difference.

Teacher-You may explain the difference. Thus urged, Brandreth drew a deep move of the European 'concert of paraly- time, but weather lasts only a few days.

LYDIA.

A DAUGHTER OF THE REVOLUTION. When the Barringtons filled out the papers which entitled them to join the soclety of the "Daughters of the Revolution" last year, old Mrs. Barrington put a shabby book and a package of yellow letters into the hands of her son's wife.

"We near much talk just now about the clains of our ancestors to consideration,' she said. "It seems to me that the women of those days possess also some right to our remembrance. This journal and these letband's mother, as I give them to you. They of a real 'Daughter of the Revolution,' and | mere statement that she reached Washingare to remain an heirloom in her family so long as the paper on which they are she had brought. written will hold together."

And this is the story:

burned its ancient fetters. colonial houses, whose pillared porticos front the Delaware river between Philadelphia and Wilmington, Her father, from the outbreak of the revolution, was among its stanchest supporters. He had been a soldier in his youth, and had struggled through Braddock's disastrous campaign beside Washington. But in his middle age, and when his country needed him so sorely. an incurable malady held him prisoner, and he sent his only son to represent him on the staff of his old comrade.

When the British captured Philadelphia they ravaged his estate, and laid every resource under constant contribution. they respected that grim warder, Death, who watched the patriot's door, and they permitted his departure from house and lands to be postponed until that summons which none can disobey.

Barrington's wife rarely left him, and the ordering of their household fell into the capable pair of hands of their daughter Lydia. She brewed, and she baked, and she soun. She managed the dairy and supervised the poultry yard, as became the mistress of a large and isolated establishment in those days. But the while her thoughts and her prayers were for her country's strife with the same ardor which kept her father alive until he should behold that country's freedom.

Barrington manor was set in the midst of the lovely district across which, backward and forward, the tide of war swept continually. Now the beloved bluecoats were warmed at its firesides and welcomed to every comfort it could supply. Then the abhorred redcoats clamored for the hospitality which would have been taken by force had it been refused.

Thus it happened that no surprise, though much reluctance, stirred the heart of Mistress Lydia when, on an autumn afternoon, she was summoned as her mother's deputy to receive a British officer so desperately wounded in a near skirmish that his troopers dared not carry him further. A dozen scarlet-clad horsemen waited under the leafless trees of the avenue, and

Captain Pelham lay supported by a comrade's arms upon the topmost step of the He had been shot near the lungs and was speechless. But he was conscious, and his letters bear passionate record that, from the moment she appeared within the high colonial doorway, he became Mistress Lydia's prisoner forever, as well as her

A time which proved to be for him and for her that brief stay in paradise which a tender old proverb promises once in Through the ensuing winter, which was the winter of Valley Forge, Captain Pelham dwelt in the guest chamber at Barrington Manor. He was visited occasionally, when the movements of the American

troops permitted, by his brother, who was a member of Lord Howe's staff, and by an eminent surgeon from Philadelphia. the most part, however, according to the custom of a hundred years ago, he remained the charge of his young hostess. Outside was cold and hunger, the deadly strife of those dear to both, the hope of a struggling people sinking almost to despair. But within was love that made happy the present, and assured the future with the fervor of their youth and the con-

viction of their mutual faith. When he was able to walk so far Captain Pelham made his way to that other sickroom, where Lydia's father lay dying, and told his story. It was kindly heard. Endowed with the clear tolerance which the neighborhood of death bestows on some just souls. Barrington promised his daughter to her British lover when the war between their factions should be endedwhichever cause victory might adorn,

Spring, though long delayed that year, Pelham was convalescent, His brother

arrived all too soon for those two. come no more. The surgeon's visits had ceased. Lord Howe desired him to resume command of his troops. Yet a few days and he must depart, unknowing when he could return to claim his bride.

It was at this time that Lydia one midnight, wakefully confronting the clouds which overhung the future, was hurriedly called by her mother to her father's bed-

He lay propped up among pillows, and he spoke with difficulty as he bade his daughter drew near. But she perceived that anxiety rather than pain oppressed him while he explained his need of her Owing to the situation of the manor, on the territory disputed by both armies, they were not unused to tidings by secret messenger from the younger Barrington in the been received half an hour since, was, however, the herald of a visitor whose safety during his stay would be of vital importance to the infant nation, for whose existence his life was the guarantee. Washington himself desired to see his former comrade in the ensuing night, to take council with him concerning certain meas-

ures whereon he and his immediate advisers were at variance. "The danger is great." Barrington said wistfully, regarding his daughter, "Yet less great than at first it seems. Your mother and you can contrive that none other shall guess his presence here. Even should our servants discover what guest is with us, we can rely on them not to betray him. There remains Captain Pelham, who-"For him I answer," Mistress Lydia in-

own. "Nay, my child, there might be in his mind some uncertainty as to which way his honor directs." "Shame, father!" she cried. "You who know so well that the instinct of a gentleman's honor is as certain as is that wondrous needle to whose guidance sailors

terruped haughtily. "His honor is mine

And Barrington, infected by the enthusiasm of her bright eyes, acquiesced. The following day would be that on which a market was held weekly at a village within the British lines, where Philadelphia tradesmen brought such goods as the farmers could supply from their own resources. It had been Mistress Lydia's custom, when the roads were safe, to visit this market, attended by Augustus, an old negro servant, and it was agreed between her and her

anticipation, she should proceed thither on the morrow. Accordingly she was arrayed for this expedition, when she sought Captain Pelham on the terrace in the next morning's early sunshine. A fair picture she made in her dark-green habit with brass buttons, and her large many-plumed hat-a picture he described with tenderest detail years after-

father that, to avert suspicion of unusual

ward She found him pale and despondent as she hung over his armchair, loathe to leave him for one of the few hours which remained of his stay at the manor. But he sent her resolutely from him, giving to her a letter for his brother, as was his wont on these market days-a letter which she was to deliver to a trooper who would be dispatched to receive it.

She rode forth, while Augustus, mounted on a tall horse and carrying a huge basket, paced soberly behind. Spring rains had broken the avenue into alternate courses of mud and water, and, as she bent to lift her habit yet further from the probable splashing, Pelham's letter slipped from her waist-With such haste as years and stoutness

permitted. Augustus descended from his saddle and restored the packet to her. Alas, it was wet and stained: "It will be the delay of merely ten minutes to return and bid Captain Pelham address another wrapper," she murmured, glad of this excuse to behold the welcome in her lover's eves.

She tore off the drenched envelope hurriedly, lest the damp should have penetrated, and looked at the inclosure with keen daintiness. Her look changed. Her color faded. Her lips set sternly. Happiness went out of Lydia Barrington's life while she stared at the letter confided to rode up the avenue at a speed Augustus found difficult to emulate.

Behind the high oak chimney in the entrance hall stood a massive writing table. There she tore Pelham's letter to tiny pieces and sealed them carefully within a fresh envelope, upon which she inscribed

"Explain to Captain Pelham the mischance to his packet," she said, though her | a dustman who caught a glimpse of her lips were white her voice did not falter. Inform my mother that I have ridden forth again unattended. Ask her to prevent lady, let me light my pipe in your eyes."

my father from hearing that I have done said he, which so delighted her Grace that so until I return.

Of that bitter journey, which led her by ters were given to me, in trust, by my hus- devious ways through rough country lanes, dangerous alike from marauding bands of have been read by my daughters, and must | friends or foes, there is siight mention in be read by yours. They contain the story her journal. Nor is there more than the ton's presence and delivered the warning

spy," she wrote; "that I knew not how far Mistress Lydia Barrington was eighteen his treachery extended, but that the visit when the lighting of that lamp in the belfry with which the general intended to honor of the Old North Church in Boston set my father must be abandoned. I found ablaze the fire with which our country him," she added, briefly, "so courteous in from question as shall make my memory dinna anger the laird." ever grateful to him.

Even of her interview with her father upon her return there is scant account. save of its conclusion. When I informed him of the treachery of our guest, and how I had been enabled | Bantru answered in the affirmative. to warn the noble man whom that treachery would have doomed, my father drew

the tear blisters show upon those lines after a hundred years. 'My father blessed | answered Bantru; but on the King asking "The honor of our name has always | why, the iron entered into the compliment, never been safer than with you, my daugn- touched anything entrusted to his care. ter! Go now, and bid your wretched lover farewell Mistress Lydia has recorded every slight-

tain Pelham to which her father sent her as though impelled by terror of the future, in which love might reproach disdain with too stern a cruelty. They met in the withdrawing room, where a pair of candles and a dying fire made flickering light. There those two gazed at each other's pale faces, with eyes through

passion which would survive either. "The one grace you could have bestowed upon the house whose shelter you desired to betray, was to leave it when your treachery had been discovered," she said; 'yet you are here!' Could you conceive that I would depart before your return?

"How should I conceive correctly moods or motives of a spy? "Twelve hours ago you loved me." 'I never loved you, Captain Pelham. The man I loved was the creation of my

"Take not the past from me. You loved he cried, sinking to his knees. 'What I have done was for love of youto bring nearer the day when I might claim you-nay, but you shall listen. With that great rebel free, the war which parts us may drag on for years. With him a prison-er his cause would fail. Peace would come, and with its coming I should win my wife." "Your wife, whom you would have dishonored by making her the unconscious means through which you betrayed her father's friend.

"I never intended you to guess my share in his capture, nor could dishonor reach "No. God be thanked. Not so much as by the touch of your fingers," she said, withdrawing from his grasp the fold of her habit skirt.

She walked to the door. There she looked Still kneeling, Pelham had flung his arms across a table and laid his head upon them. She returned swiftly to him. She drew his fair, bowed head to her bosom and passionately kissed his white face, wet with a man's agonizing tears.

"I lied!" she gasped. "I love you-you always-you eternally-as you love me. In so much falsehood this is truth. Yet better the width of the world between us than that you should read daily in mine eyes the memory of your dishonor-and so fare-There are other records in that journal

of Mistress Lydia's-her father's deathher mother's grief, the triumph of that cause for whose safety this daughter of the revolution paid so dear a price-but no further mention of her lover. Yet the dozen letters which were found after her death treasured with the history of her youth are all signed with Pelham's Tenderest, most reverent of love letters, they cover a space of as many years and close with one whose frail characters bear witness to their writer's words. "I am near the end now, sweet mistress, The end which is to be the beginning, Pelham wrote. "It will not seem long when I come to meet you in that country which belongs to both of us. That country where each penitent receives pardon and where you will not turn away from him who, with

all his sins, has been ever your loyal lover. -Helen Mackubin, in New York Tribune.

THE ART OF COMPLIMENT. Samples of the Graceful and Doubtful, with Examples from Royalty. London Standard.

The graceful compliment may embrace

the compliment of diplomacy and even then

be tinged by the compliment ironical, who

then shall say to which class it belongs? The classifier would probably label it 'doubtful." and would soon find that almost all except the most polished specimens in his collection were qualified for inclusion under that heading. An excellent example of the doubtful compliment relates to Garibaldi's visit to London, and is credited to Lord Palmerston. The ministers were considerably troubled with regard to the attitude they should assume when the great patriot landed on these shores, and at a loss for any practical solution Palmerston, out of weariness, suggested: "Let us get him married to the Duchess of Suther-"Unfortunately," objected a colleague, "the man is already married." "Then," said Pelmerston, thoughtfully, "we'll get Gladstone to explain her away." the right honorable gentleman's powers of persuasion, whatever else it might be. Doubtful, too, but in another sense, was the celebrated mathematician, Nicole's, compliment on one occasion to his hostess, Having assured her "that her lovely little eves had made an impression on his heart which would never be eradicated," and being informed that he had made a vast mistake in his choice of an adjective, and that he should have chosen one of magnitude, he hastened to add: "Madam, I never beheld such fine large hands, or so fine and large a person altogether, in the whole course of my life." Doubtful because it somewhat reflected upon his appearance, but upon the whole, very complimentary. was the remark it is said a certain royal personage made to his host anent a judge, more famous for his delivery of judgments in the Queen's Bench division than for the neatness of his attire. Having entered into conversation with the judge at a shooting party, and being particularly struck with the amount of knowledge he displayed, on leaving him the royal visitor went straight

keeper with whom I have just been speak-Explanations then ensued. There have been few masters of the art f compliment of greater talent than Louis XIV of France. On one occasion, when waiting at the top of the grand staircase to greet Conde after the battle of Senef. the prince apologized for keeping his majesty waiting so long, pointing out that his gout prevented him from ascending with greater rapidity. The King replied: 'My cousin, make no apologies; one who is so laden with laurels as you are cannot move more quickly." Which was extremely pretty and shows admiable tact, insomuch as it includes an allusion to the military prowess of the hearer. Similar tact was displayed in his compliment to his horns and tried to pull him out, but Jean Baptiste Massillon, bishop of Clermont. Said he: "I have heard many great | other way. Then the other lassoed his heel, preachers, and the effect they produced on me was that I felt thoroughly satisfied with them. Every time I heard you I have he was hauled out on his side to go back to been dissatisfied with myself."

to his host and asked: "Where did you

pick up that extremely intelligent game-

Although one could not expect it of him. vet Frederick the Great could turn a pretty compliment with the best of them. A case in point was at a banquet at Neiss. when the Austrian General Laudohn, who had been invited, together with more important guests, wished to take a modest seat by a side table. Commanding him to be seated at his side, Frederick said: "Come and sit here, general, for I have always wished to see you at my side, rather than facing me." "Monarchs," said Prior, "should compliment their foes and to have recognized and acted on this ad-

These three examples of the compliment royal show how an acceptable compliment should be proffered; the following specimen shows how a well-meaning, but blundering individual can turn an act of grace try gentleman, bluff and overbearing, and land to return thanks at a municipal banquet for the branch of arms of which he was a shining light. After speaking in the usual vein for some considerable time. he ended his remarks thusly: "Gentlemen, on behalf of my comrades, I can assure you that if Napoleon's colonels should land at Spurn, the First East York Rifles will | the fellows they were after. Yet presently she lifted her head, and, greet his would-be complimentary speech Like his kind he soon became hopelessly per.

turning the horse toward the manor, she the unfortunate speaker resumed his seat amidst peals of laughter which completely

mystified him. The spontaneous compliment is the only truthful species of its kind. Said on the spur of the moment, and the outcome of a delightful surprise, there is no time for polishing, for it is the heart and not the brain that speaks. Such a compliment was that paid to the Duchess of Devonshire by as he was about to regale himself with a whiff of tobacco. "Lord bless you, my she often interrupted a would-be compli ment by saving: "After the dustman's compliment all others are insipid." That the art of compliment can be car-ried to excess is recorded by Boswell, who narrates the following story: "Before the

heritable jurisdictions were abolished, a man was tried for his life in the court of one of the (Scottish) chieftains. The jury were going to bring him in 'not guilty but somebody whispered them that young laird had never seen an execution; whereupon (out of compliment to that gen-"I told him that our roof sheltered a tleman) the verdict was 'death' and the man hanged accordingly. Apropos of this story. Hone mentions th tale of the Highland dame, whose sense o submission to the chief of her clan induced

band's antipathy to be hanged as savoring of gross disrespect. Said she angrily: The compliment ironical is exemplified in the following story: M. Bantru, a distin-guished seventeenth century French academician, was asked by Philip III of Spain if he had seen the Escurial. The sardonic "Well," said Philip, mayhap fishing for a compliment, "and what do you think of the library?" "I think, sir, that you should me down within his arms," she wrote-and make your librarian minister of finances,

been well guarded," he said, "but it has for the reply was: "Because he has never That a compliment can be expressed in action as well as in words, is illustrated by the diplomatic compliment paid by the est detail of that final meeting with Cap- Duke de Grammont when he entered unannounced the apartment of Cardinal Mazarin, and found his eminence taking a little exercise by jumping against the wall. Realizing that it would never do to express the least surprise at finding a churchman of the cardinal's years so employed, the duke promptly cried: "I'll bet you a hundred crowns that I jump higher than your eminence," the bet was accepted, and which humiliation and scorn burned that they jumped for their lives-or, rather, for the duke's livelihood, for that worthy and diplomatic gentleman took very good care to subtly compliment the cardinal by always jumping a few inches less than be

had accomplished, and in six months after he was marshal of France. The graceful compliments of Louis XI have already been noted, but it is doubtful if even these excel in grace the epigrammatic compliment paid to Dr. Balguy after he had preached a sermon at Winchester Cathedral on the words: "All wisdom is sorrow," by Dr. Watson, afterward bishop of Llandaff. He wrote:

'If what you advance, dear doctor, be true That wisdom is sorrow, how wretched are you.

Oh, What a Difference.

His business never leaves a chance When his wife reads the announcement Of a coming matinee, Life is much too short for trifles And his time she must not claim, But when a friend invites him out To see a baseball game-

He vows a man should ne'er complain About the tax he pays, But gladly help the government Its revenue to raise.

That's different

Each one should swell the public purse That threatens to grow slim: Yet when the bland assessor comes Interrogating him-That's different.

He ever counsels gentleness, And says no person ought To let himself forget the calm Of philosophic thought: Nothing in life is great enough To justify our ire.

But when, eleven miles from home, A tack sticks in his tire-That's different. -Washington Star.

THE BULL RING. A Yankee Newspaper Man's View of the Mexican National Sport.

Mexico Letter in Hartford Courant. Everybody who has been trouting in Connecticut owes the bull one at least, if not more, and every boy who has lived on a New England farm has wished he might :ee the beast come up with. So, with revived thoughts of the rough fences I had climbed and the tempting pools I had hastily abandoned, I went to a bullfight in San Luis Potosi one Sunday with far less concern at the fate of the bulls than at the fact that this was a Sunday service. It did not seem exactly appropriate even if we admitted that, with the churches opened every day and the bull rings only on Sunday, the odds were seven to one in favor of religion. The bull ring is several times as large as a circus ring and is down at least five

feet below the level of the lowest seats. It is a circular space, set in a solid masonr wall, and the seats range upward like Roman amphitheater. The bulls are let into the ring one at a time through a tunnel that comes out under the seats, and inside the actual ring is a stout board fence, built all the way round, so that the fight is conducted in the inner circle, and all around that is a narrow outside passageway. The first qualification of a bullfighter is to be able to jump this fence. At the least chance of being ripped open he cuts for it and is over like a jumping jack. And, as if that wasn't enough, there are at convenient intervals barriers set in the ring near the fence, and the "fighters." when close pushed, step behind these and

let the bull's horns rattle on the other side. So much for the geographical layout. I asked the friend who accompanied me, a resident for years in Mexico, why the fence was broken by gates. He said it was so as to let the bull back into the ring if he should jump over. I laughed at the absurdity of a bull taking such a flier, and then the trumpet sounded, and the procession entered and marched to the judge. open while you wait, in seeing the made There were two men who alternately give | bulls tortured into weakness or in seeing the fatal thrusts, the fellows who stick the obvious cowards jump the fence whenever beast, those who flount cloaks at him and the men on horseback. who carry great boathooks with fishhook points to drive him off when he charges their horses. The bull is given just one chance. He can only be dealt with while charging. So long as he stands still the etiquette of the ring protects him, and when

it comes to stabbing him only one man can "Toot-toot!" went the bugie, and in rushed the first bull amid the cheers of at least two thousand people. He was je black, about three years old and as full of life and vigor as any young creature on the plains. He took a careful look at the enemy lined up before him, trotted gently about for a minute, then put his head down and started on a dead run-for the fence. He took it like a goat and landed in fine shape in the intervening space. What had seemed impossible was done within a minute of opening the game. He was driven back and made a new survey and seemed a little ashamed that he had failed. Then suddenly he rallied a second time, and with a fiercer dash than before he not only cleared the fence, but the intervening space, and got his front feet on the place where, till that instant, a crowd was seated. They were not there when he landed. He fell back into the passageway and re-entered the ring. If he had | tried again I think he'd have gone clear up and joined the spectators. But he evidently thought it was the other fellows' turn, so he just stood and looked at them, They flourished their gay cloths at him. but he only snorted "Come on!" and the rules of the game forbade. Soon a new "toot" was sounded, and that meant, "Take the bull out.'

He had saved his life, but he wasn't out of the ring. He had no idea of leaving, The fighters couldn't touch him, since the signal had been given, and two finely mounted cowboys came in. One lassoed the bull weighed the most and leaned the and the two started off in opensite directions. This threw the animal down, and the plains in disgrace. He ought to have been decorated and

dedicated to the founding of a race of

peacemaking, high kicking and fast run-

ning cattle. Instead he will be used for the boys who hope to be bullfighters to practice on on the ranch. No bull is paid error of his boyhood. At the most he for till after the battle, and if one fails to charge his owner can't charge either. There are seven bulls at each fight, and if two out of those are not killed you get | identity of the sender, and would have pertickets free to the next fight. This time the other six were killed, one after the other. They fought flercely, charged around the shun their friends." | Frederick would seem | ring, scared the fighters over the fence | that the rod must cure the wrong. It was times without number and died hard; but | the odds were too many. It isn't very un- the Puritans," that he sorrowed for his pleasant to see a bull killed. He doesn't | part in conducting the Salem witchcraft flinch. He is game till it's over. But the shameful, inexcusable barbarity of whole thing is in the fate of the horses | doing and ever after to spend one day of ridden by the picadors. These futile each year in fasting and humiliation into a direful insult. He was a North coun- scrubs, weaker than the old stage horse in prayer. his very last stage, are ripped and torn by he was called upon shortly after the first | the bulls most horribly. Four were killed attempt to raise a volunteer force in Eng- | at the fight and others dreadfully mutilated. The whole ring would be cleared, and men, horses and everything else done up if these Texan bulls had the brains to match their bodies. They lack continuity of thought Just as their opportunity comes they turn aside, when a dozen steps more right along the line and they would have on their horns

HUMANE WORK

Many Wonderful Cures Effected Last Week by His Scientific Treatment and Tested Remedies.

874PEOPLETREATED

All Received Free Examination and Free Advice. her to look upon her condemned hus-

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There is not the slightest abatement of interest in Munyon's great crusade against disease in this city. As the days go by the number of cures increase, and the army of cured is becoming a most formidable one,

CURED AFTER THREE YEARS OF SUFFERING.

Mrs. William Lindemann, No. 105 Meek street. Indianapolis, Ind., says: "For the past three years my husband has been suffering with rheumatism. He was treated by several of the best physicians in the city and used any number of remedies, but they never seemed to do him any good until he used Munyon's Rheumatism Cure. It was only necessary for him to take one bottle of this wonderful remedy before he was completely cured."

PRAISES NERVE AND HEADACHE

Miss Ida May, No. 204 Blackford street, Indianapolis, Ind., says: "I was severely troubled with nervousness for over six months. I was unable to rest and had headache nearly all the time. I tried various remedies as well as doctors' prescriptions but was not cured. I finally decided to try Munyon's Nerve Cure and am pleased to say that it has completely cured me. have also used Munyon's Headache Cure and it gave me immediate relief. I keep Munyon's Remedies for emergencies."

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No Money is Received for Examination, No Money Is Received for Advice, No Money Is Received for Medical Attention. The Doctor Will Write You a Prescription for the Remedies You Need, Which Can Be Obtained from Any Druggist, Mostly,

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for 25 Cents a Vial.

AND MARYLAND STREETS. ugly. They were going to kill him, but were asked to give him to the bullfighters, so there he went. They sent him into the ring. Up went his tail and down went his head. He tore after whatever he saw. Nothing could stop him, and the who fighting force found themselves outside the fence and unwilling to go back. That sight

would have been fun, but, unfortunately, it didn't happen in our day. It is probably well to see one bullfight, because then you know what they are, But that's the only argument. There can't be any fun in seeing blind horses rippe from the ring!" whenever a fighter ran away, as they do with the bull, the enter-

THE DEMAND OF CONSCIENCE. Stirred by Religion to the Point of Confessing Error.

tainment wouldn't be quite so one-sided.

Buffalo Courier. A man in Blairstown, N. J., the other day received a letter from the West written by a prosperous person who in his youth had for a short time been in the service of the recipient. The writer said that thirtyfour years ago he had at different times taken small sums of money from the he was sure \$10 would cover the whole amount, with interest, and he inclosed money order for \$10. He expressed his sorrow for his offense, begged to be forgiven, and hoped he would meet his former employer in a better world. Instances of the return of "conscience money" are not infrequent, but this is a peculiar case. Generally the sufferers from uneasy consciences hide themselves behind anonymity, and seek to wipe out their offense without any sacrifice of reputation. But the real cost in this case was that of confessing that a boy whose name had been held in excellent repute all these years was in reality a thief. Doubtless the act of reparation was the result of a severe struggle, Probably it was accomplished only after years of mental distress, during which the conscience-stricken man was trying to bring himself to the point of confessing that he was worse than people believed made his confession the more bitter to him, for it is easier to be heroic over great than

It seems to us that this case shows the importance of the religious sentiment as contrasted with the cultivation of simple morality. A man whose moral principles had been sufficiently cultivated to cause him to regard the offense of his youth with regret and shame would hardly have undergone the humiliation of owning up to it, unless the teaching of religion had also impressed upon him the duty of confession He would have soothed the reproaches of his conscience with the thought that an upright life for years had atoned for an would have slipped a \$10 bill into an envelope addressed to his former employer, with an unsigned note giving no clew to the suaded himself that full reparation had thus been made. But the teaching of religion is that something more is requirednot enough for Judge Sewall, "the last of trials. He felt called on to stand up in church and read his confession of wron

small matters.

The loftier appreciation of duty taug by religion is clearly evident, as is the im possibility that the teaching of simple m ality can ever serve as a substitute for sense of our relition to a higher power.

Dense Ignorance. Detroit Free Press.

Wife-That policeman on our beat is as good as gold her transmission by the man for whose not be the last to flee," and in place of the honor she had pledged her own.

My friend told of some Americans who honor she had pledged her own.

Husband—That's more of your ignorance would brought down a Jersey bull to their ranch. on the financial question. He's only a cop-